



# ASSASSIN'S CREED VALHALLA

SONG OF GLORY



CAVAN SCOTT

MARTÍN TÚNICA

MICHAEL ATIYEH



# ASSASSIN'S CREED

## VALHALLA

### SONG OF GLORY ISSUE 1

#### NORWAY. MID-NINTH CENTURY CE.

As Viking clans reign across the region, peace between two mighty kingdoms is compromised when a sovereign village between the two territories is attacked. Engagement with the assault could yield a victory for one kingdom or initiate a war . . . Meanwhile, a quest for long-sought weapons of caliber begins . . .

CAVAN SCOTT // SCRIPT

MARTÍN TÚNICA // ART

MICHAEL ATIYEH // COLORS

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT'S JIMMY BETANCOURT // LETTERS

KARL KOPINSKI // COVER ART



MIKE RICHARDSON // PUBLISHER    DAVE MARSHALL, FREDDYE MILLER // EDITORS

JUDY KHUU, KONNER KNUDSEN // ASSISTANT EDITORS

SARAH TERRY // DESIGNER    ALLYSON HALLER // DIGITAL ART TECHNICIAN

SPECIAL THANKS TO AYMAR AZAÏZIA, ANTOINE CESZYNSKI, FATIHA CHELLALI,  
CAROLINE LAMACHE, ANTHONY MARCANTONIO, AND SUSAN PATRICK AT UBISOFT.

**DARKHORSE.COM**

**FACEBOOK.COM/DARKHORSECOMICS // TWITTER.COM/DARKHORSECOMICS**

**Advertising Sales (503) 905-2315 // To find a comics shop in your area, visit [comicshoplocator.com](http://comicshoplocator.com)**

ASSASSIN'S CREED VALHALLA: SONG OF GLORY #1, October 2020. Published by Dark Horse Comics LLC, 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Assassin's Creed Valhalla © 2020 Ubisoft Entertainment. All Rights Reserved. Assassin's Creed Valhalla is a registered or unregistered trademark of Ubisoft Entertainment in the U.S. and/or other countries. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics LLC, registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics LLC. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Printed in Canada.



RYGJAFYLKE.

EIVOR,  
WHAT ARE  
WE GOING  
TO DO?



DO YOU  
EVEN HAVE  
TO ASK?

KJOTVE'S  
BASTARDS ARE  
*BUTCHERING*  
MY FATHER'S  
PEOPLE---

*SLURK*

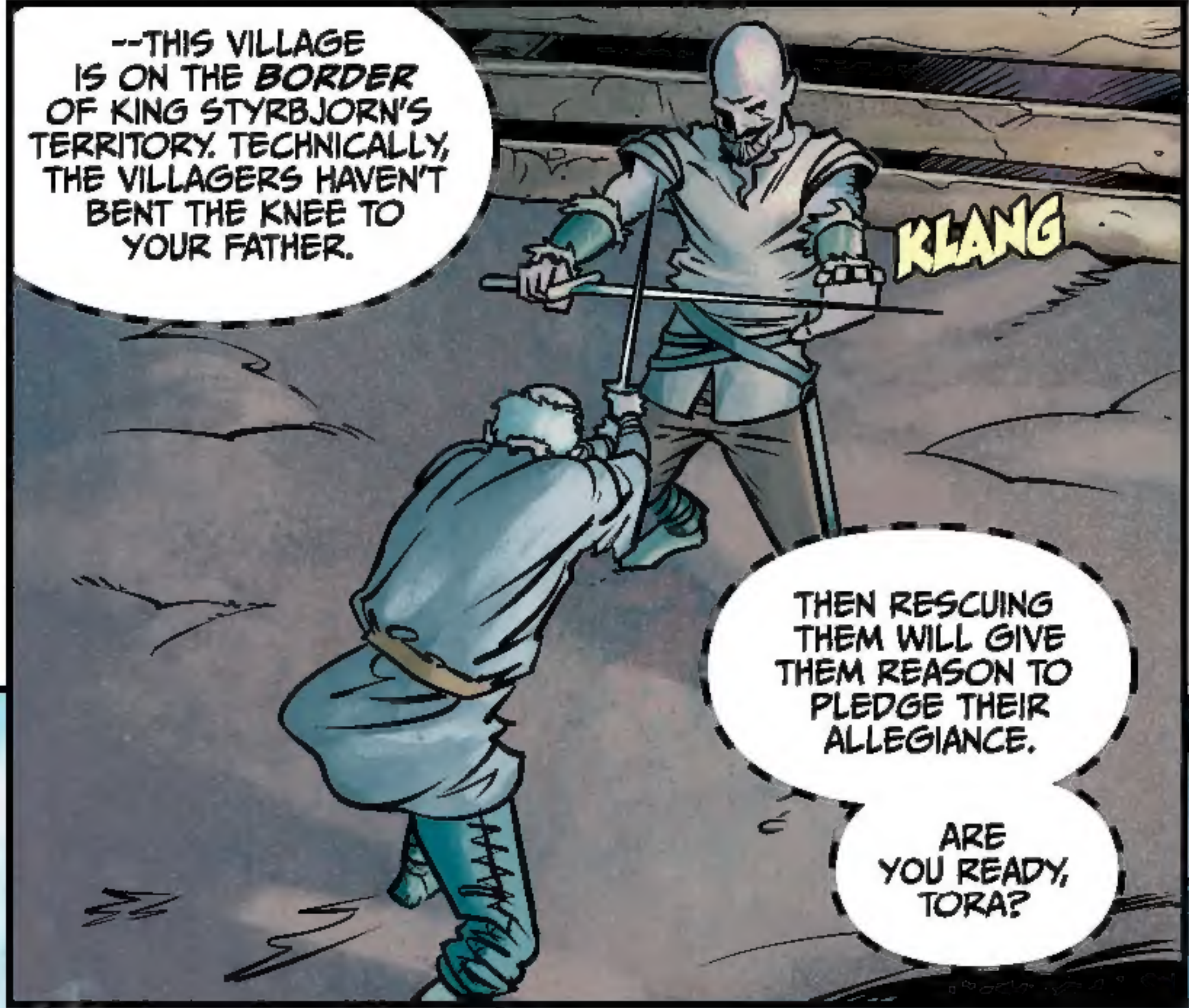






--WE BUTCHER THEM RIGHT BACK.

LET'S JUST TAKE A STEP BACK, SHALL WE, EIVOR? SEVERAL STEPS BACK.



--THIS VILLAGE IS ON THE **BORDER** OF KING STYRBJORN'S TERRITORY. TECHNICALLY, THE VILLAGERS HAVEN'T BENT THE KNEE TO YOUR FATHER.

THEN RESCUING THEM WILL GIVE THEM REASON TO PLEDGE THEIR ALLEGIANCE.

ARE YOU READY, TORA?



YOU KNOW ME, EIVOR. ALWAYS READY TO PUT BONESLICER TO WORK. BUT AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, DAG IS RIGHT.

NO NEED TO SOUND SO SURPRISED.

DON'T WORRY. I'M PRETTY SURE IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.



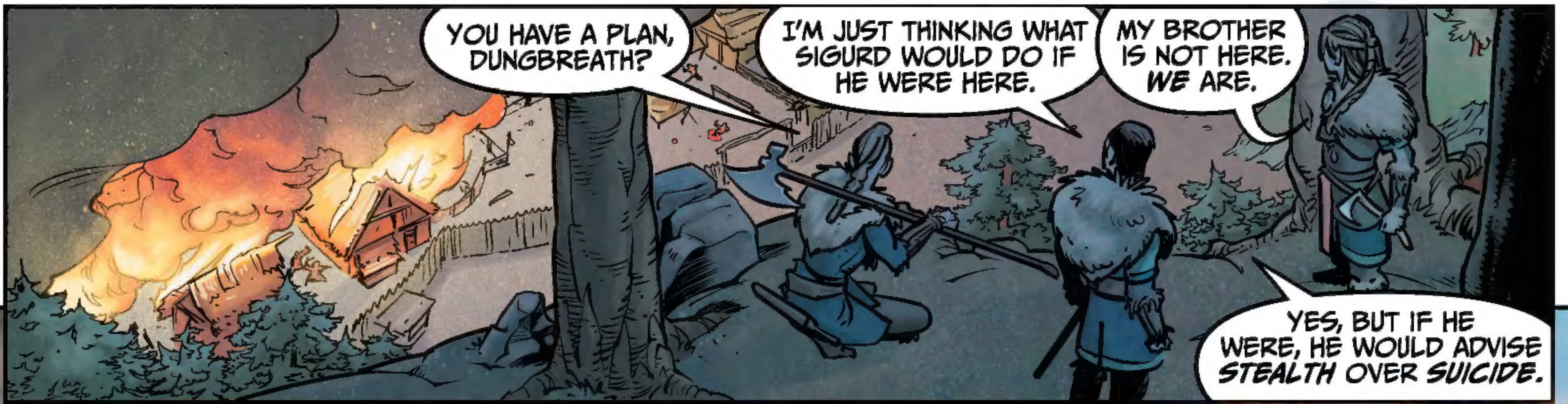
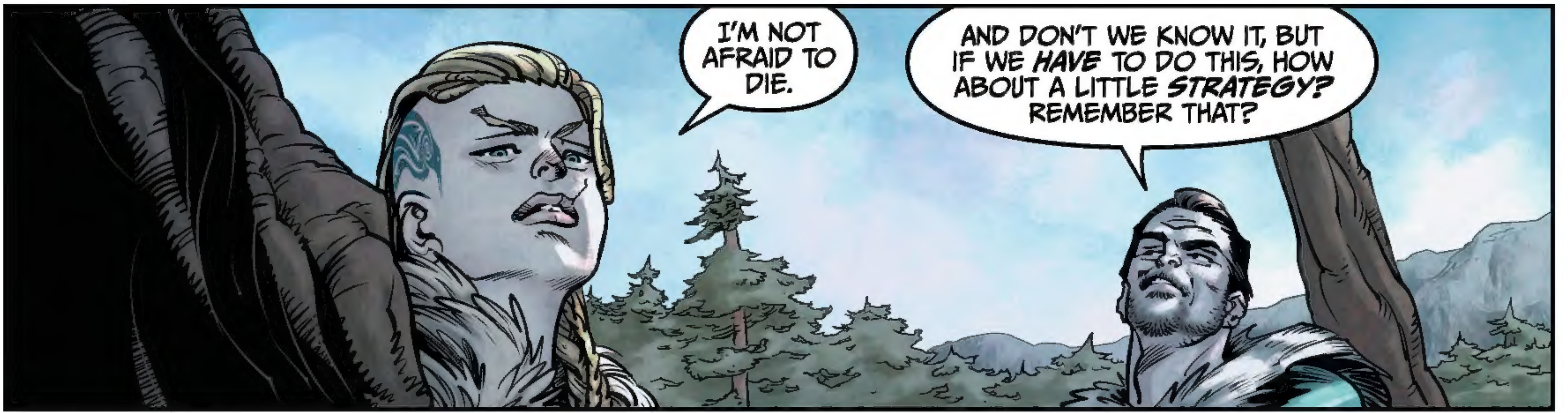
WE'RE OUTNUMBERED AT LEAST THREE TO ONE.

I'VE HEARD WORSE ODDS.



ONLY FROM THE DEAD.









"--THAT GIRL  
IS GOING TO  
BE THE DEATH  
OF US."

TEAR  
THOSE HUTS  
APART IF YOU  
HAVE TO.

THERE  
MUST BE  
SOMETHING  
HERE.



HHK

OH, THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ALL RIGHT--

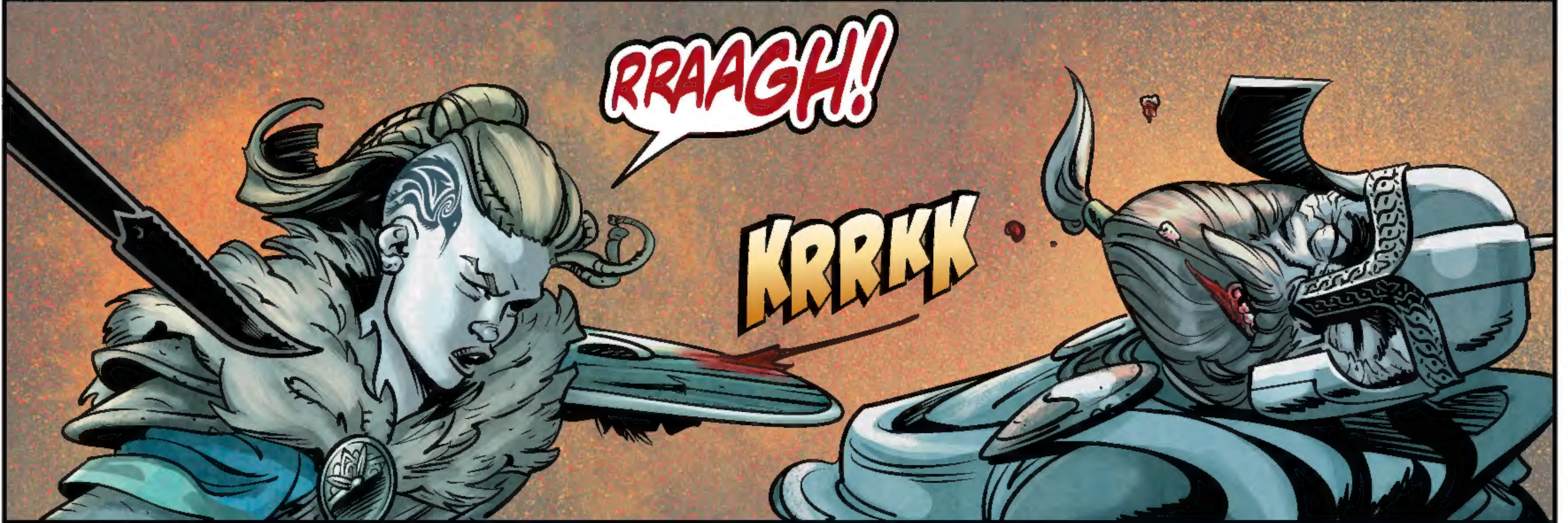
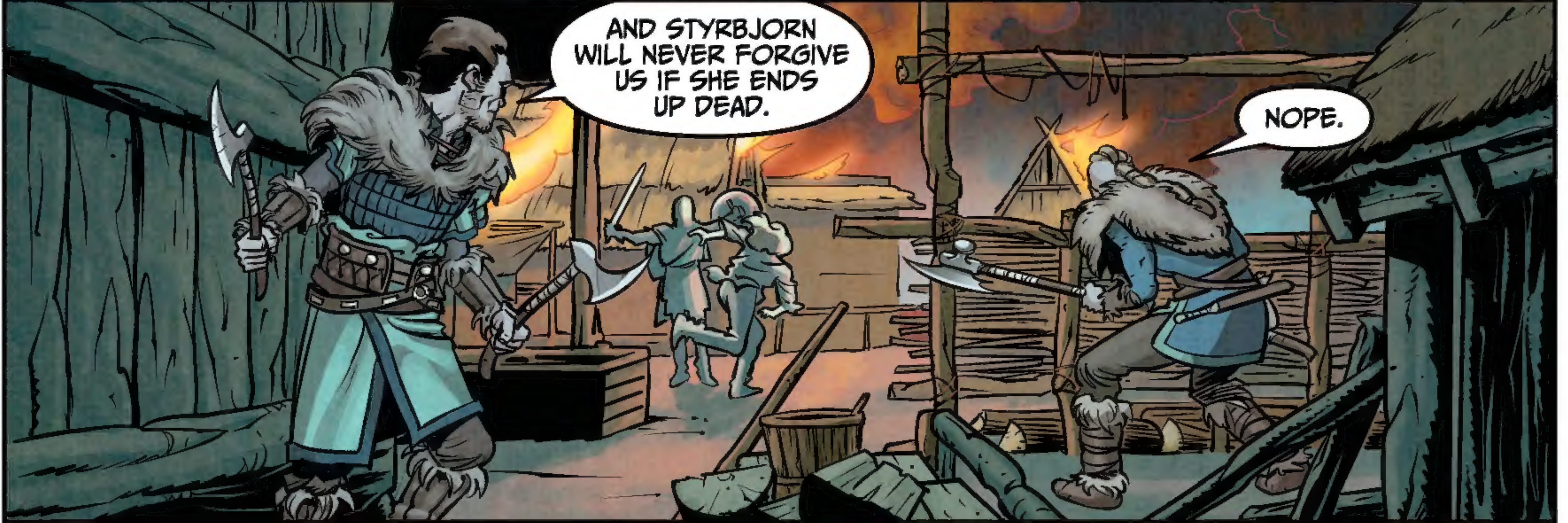
SLURCK



--ME!

WHO'S  
NEXT?







**THE DNIESTER TRAIL, BULGAR.**

"GODS, I  
MISS SIGURD."

CAN  
I HELP YOU,  
TRAVELER?

YOU  
ARE THE  
SWORDSMITH  
THEY CALL  
TEKIN?

I AM.

THEN I  
HAVE COME  
TO THE RIGHT  
PLACE.

YOU REQUIRE  
A SWORD OF  
YOUR OWN?

I DO,  
BY ASGARD,  
BUT NOT  
JUST ANY  
SWORD.

I DESIRE A  
BLADE WORTHY OF  
BROKKR, BLACKSMITH  
OF THE GODS. A BLADE  
THAT WOULD SING OF  
MY GLORY.

A  
BLADE OF  
CRUCIBLE  
STEEL.

A BLADE  
SUCH AS  
THIS?

YES!  
I SEE THE  
STORIES  
ABOUT YOU  
ARE TRUE.

TELL ME--  
WHAT IS HER  
NAME? ALL GOOD  
SWORDS MUST  
HAVE A NAME.





HER NAME IS VENGEANCE-- AND SHE WILL NEVER BE YOURS, BARBARIAN.

WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



WHY WOULD YOU? SHE WAS FORGED AS A GIFT FOR MY BROTHER.

A PEACEFUL MAN. A CARING MAN. HE DID NOT DESERVE TO BE KILLED.



HOW DID HE DIE?

HE WAS MURDERED FOR HIS SILKS--



--MURDERED BY A BLOOD-THIRSTY NORSEMAN LIKE YOU!

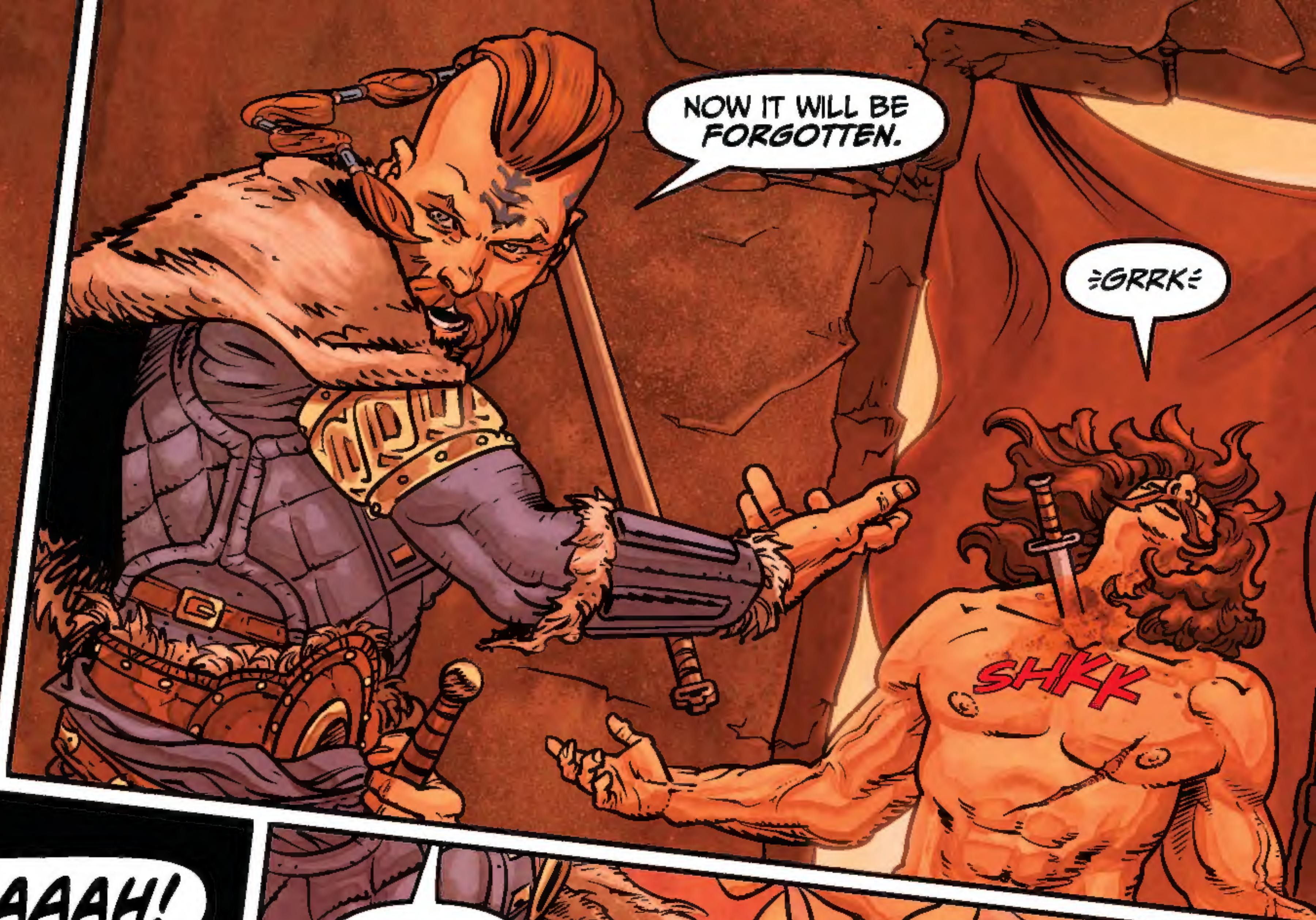
I PRAYED FOR RETRIBUTION, AND THE SPIRITS HEARD MY PLEA, MAY THEIR NAMES BE PRAISED.

FIRST WE WILL HAVE YOUR **WEAPONS**, AND THEN YOUR LIFE!





IT IS  
A PITY.  
YOUR  
NAME WOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
HONORED.



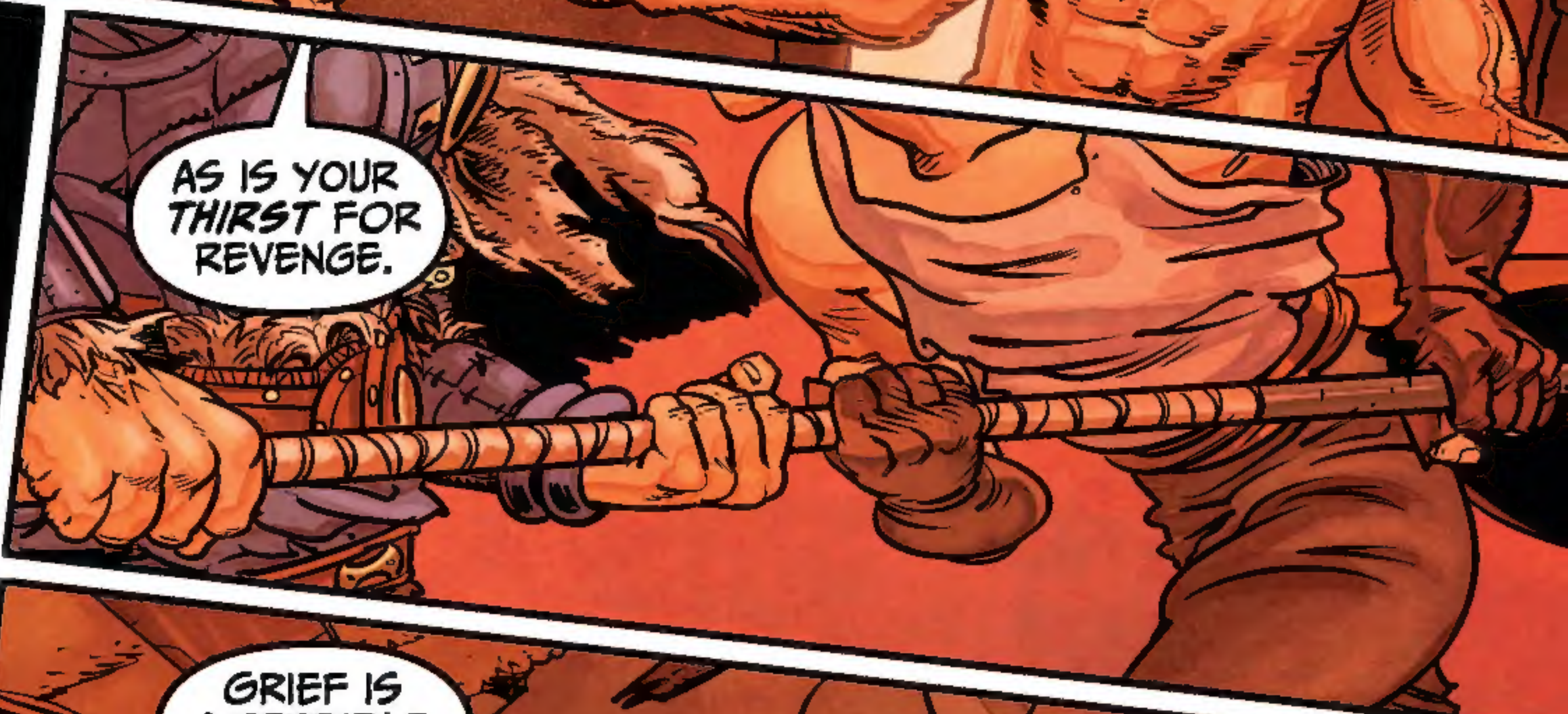
NOW IT WILL BE  
FORGOTTEN.

≡GRRK≡



AAAAAH!

ALTHOUGH,  
YOUR COURAGE  
IS ADMIRABLE,  
OLD MAN.



AS IS YOUR  
THIRST FOR  
REVENGE.



GRIEF IS  
A TERRIBLE  
BURDEN...

KRKK

AA!



SLKK

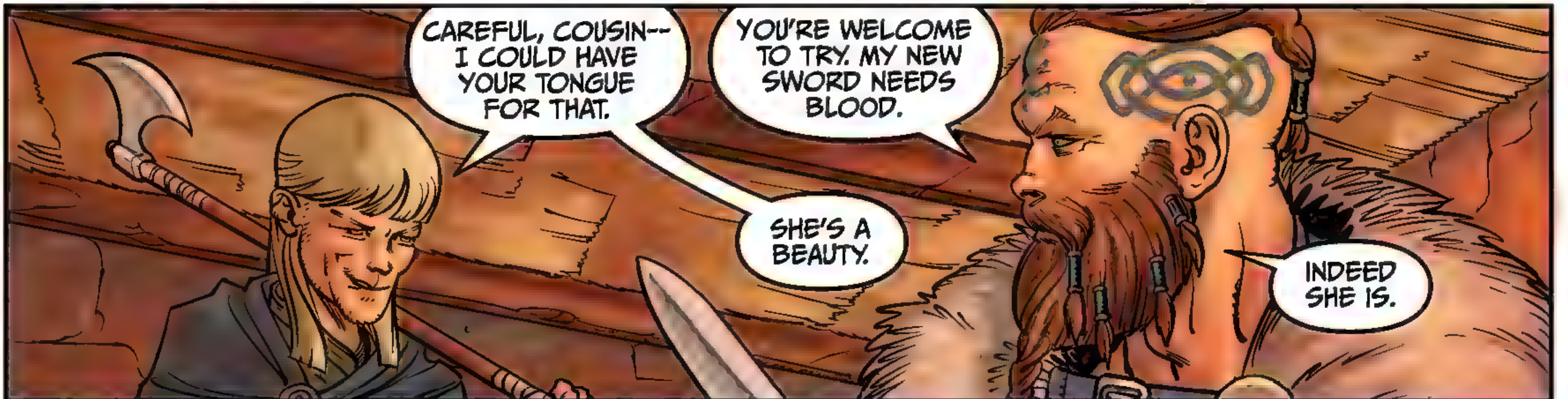
...AS YOUR  
KIN WILL BE  
REMINDED.





SIGURD?

TYPICAL KNUD--  
ALWAYS CHARGING  
INTO BATTLE ONCE  
THE VALKYRIES  
HAVE FLOWN.



CAREFUL, COUSIN--  
I COULD HAVE  
YOUR TONGUE  
FOR THAT.

YOU'RE WELCOME  
TO TRY. MY NEW  
SWORD NEEDS  
BLOOD.

SHE'S A  
BEAUTY.

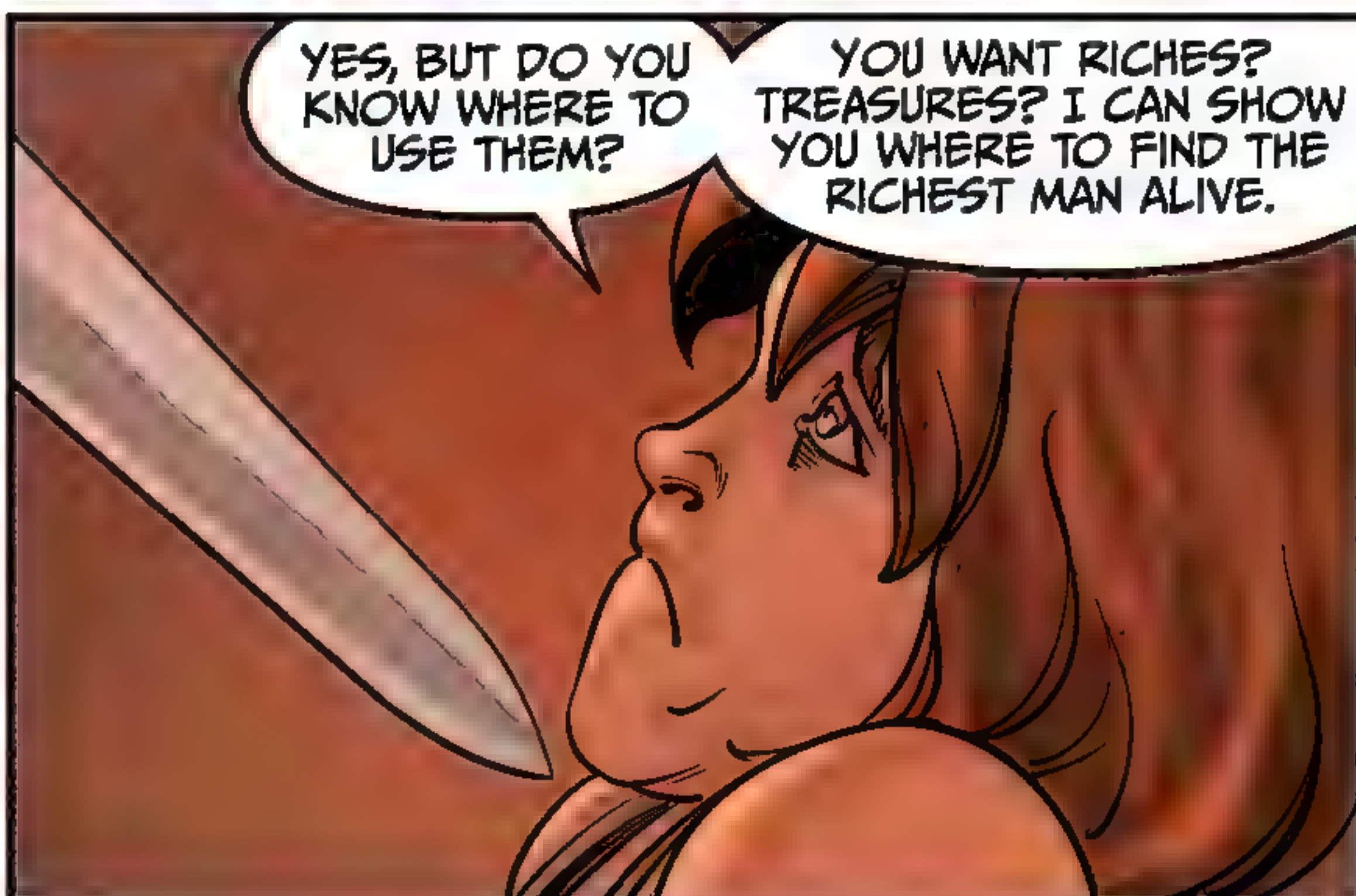
INDEED  
SHE IS.



PERHAPS  
I SHOULD TEST  
HER STEEL ON  
THIS WHELP.

P-PLEASE.  
DO NOT KILL  
ME. I CAN  
HELP YOU.

I DOUBT IT.  
WE HAVE ALL  
THE WEAPONS  
WE NEED.



YES, BUT DO YOU  
KNOW WHERE TO  
USE THEM?

YOU WANT RICHES?  
TREASURES? I CAN SHOW  
YOU WHERE TO FIND THE  
RICHEST MAN ALIVE.

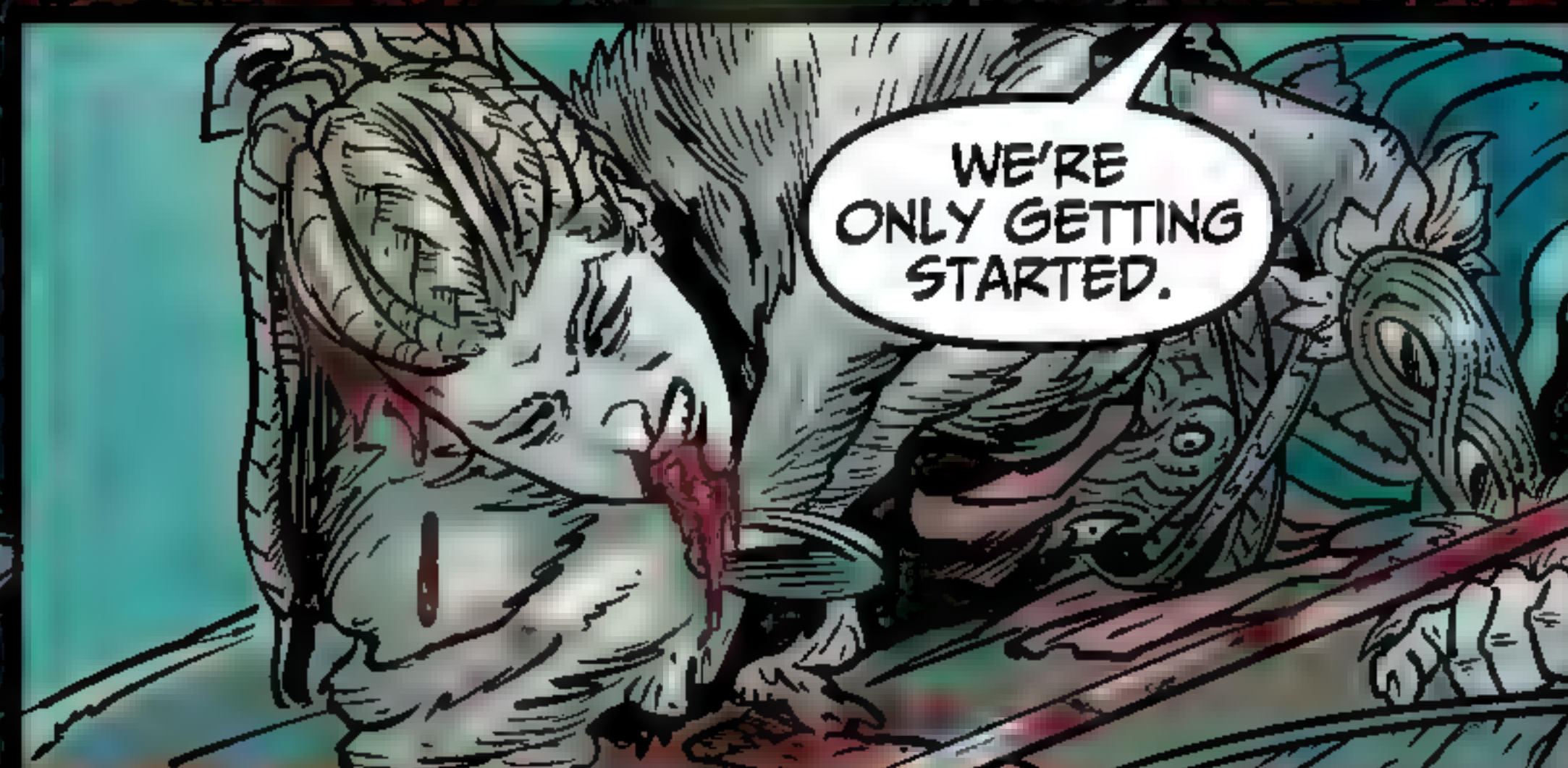


DID YOU HEAR  
THAT, COUSIN?  
THE RICHEST  
MAN ALIVE.

OH, IF  
ONLY MY  
SISTER WERE  
HERE...



"...SHE WOULD BE HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE!"



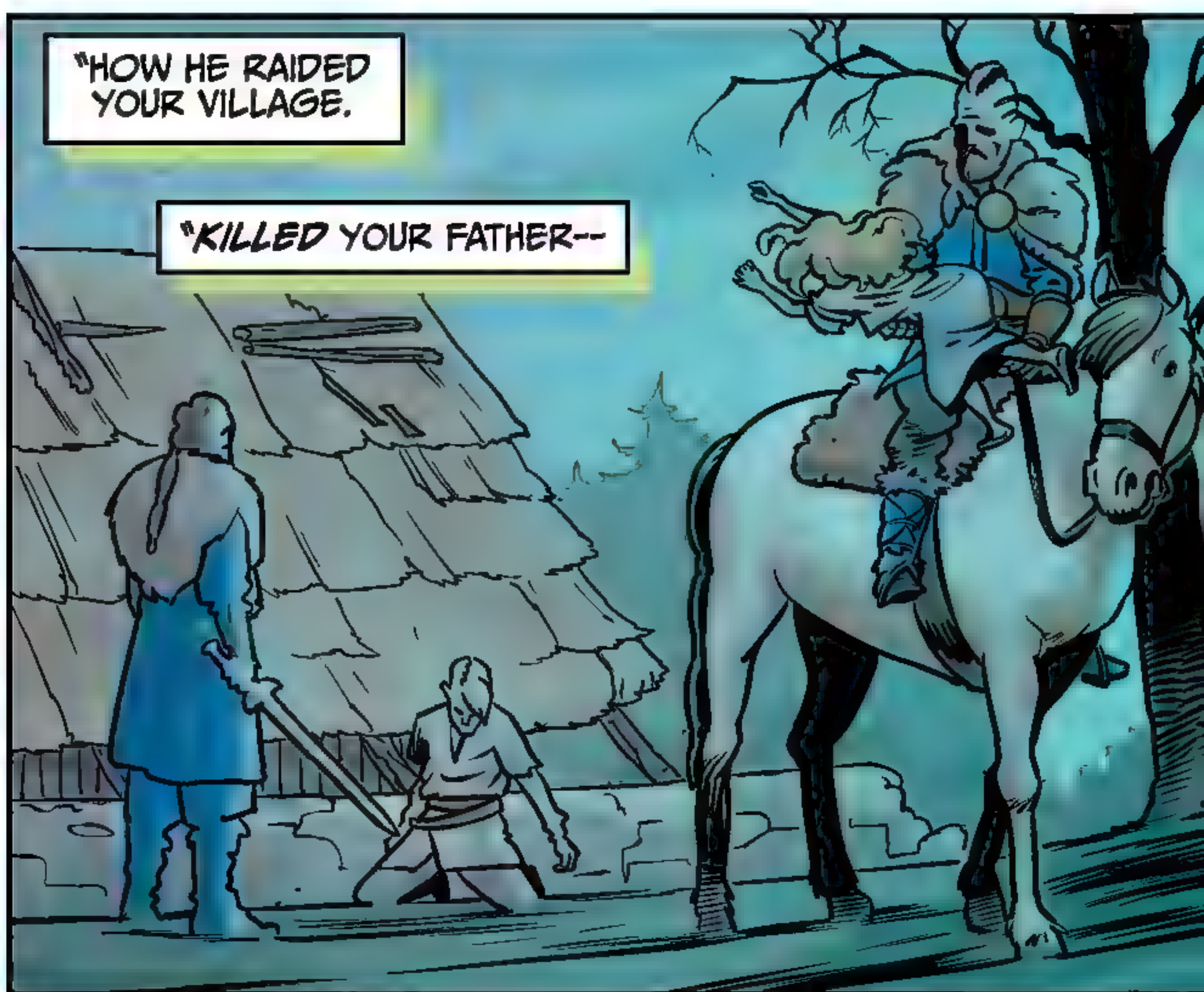




LOOKS TO ME THAT IT'S STYRBJORN'S LITTLE BRAT.

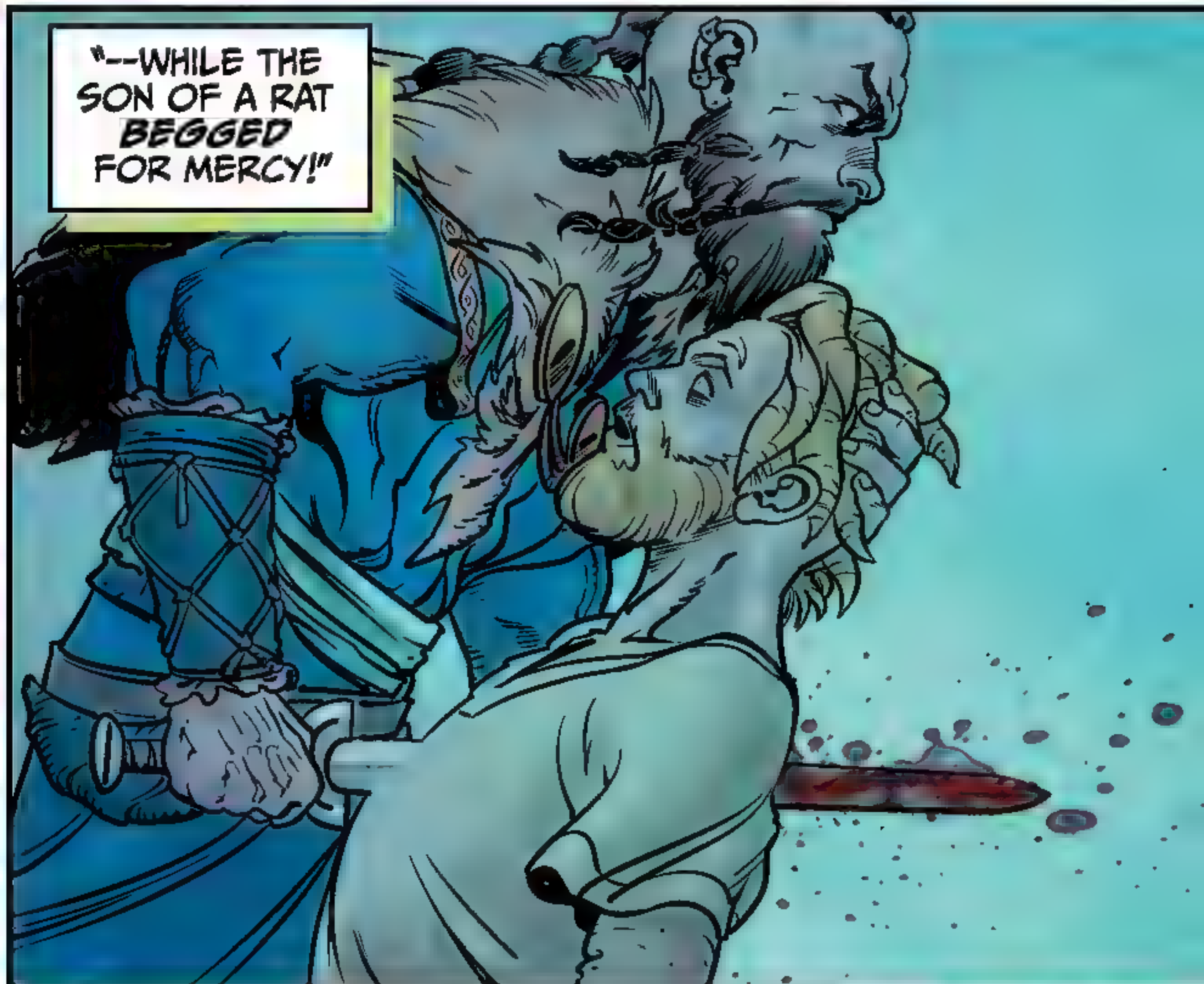
SORRY, I FORGOT. YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY HIS, ARE YOU?

KJOTVE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU.



"HOW HE RAIDED YOUR VILLAGE.

"KILLED YOUR FATHER--



"--WHILE THE SON OF A RAT **BEGGED** FOR MERCY!"



SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, EIVOR?

ARE YOU GOING TO STAND UP AND FIGHT, OR DIE LIKE YOUR FATHER...



LIKE A COWARD.



I'LL NEVER DIE ON MY KNEES...

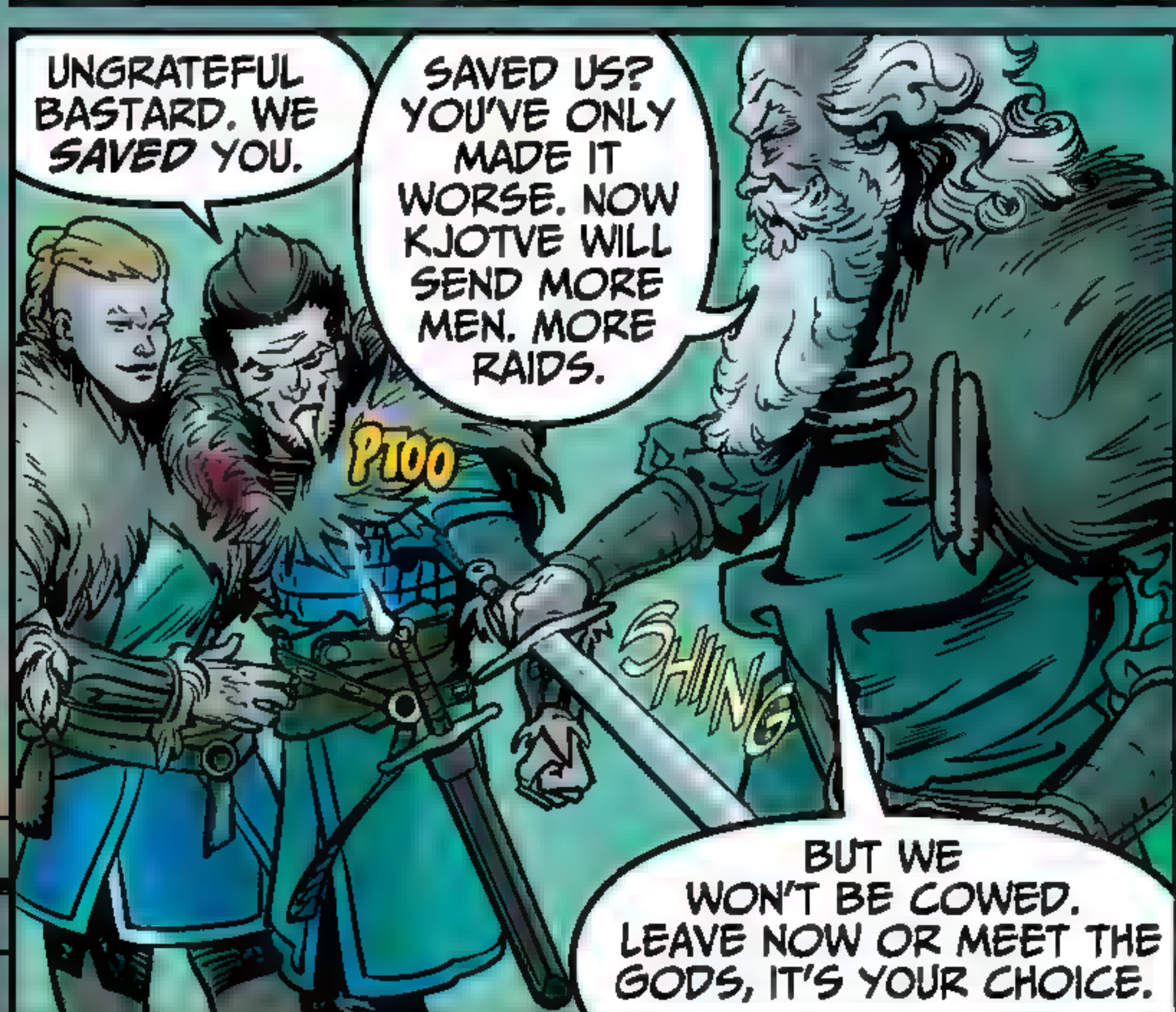
















NOW YOU  
DRAW YOUR  
SWORD?!

FOR  
ODIN!

YES.



FOR  
ODIN.

GGK

SHLLK



THE OLD MAN  
WAS A FOOL,  
BUT DIED A  
WARRIOR.

WHO  
WISHES TO  
JOIN HIM? WHO  
CHALLENGES  
MY FATHER'S  
AUTHORITY?

BETTER.



NOW WE  
WILL HELP  
GATHER YOUR  
DEAD WHILE YOU  
PREPARE OUR  
TRIBUTE.

SKK







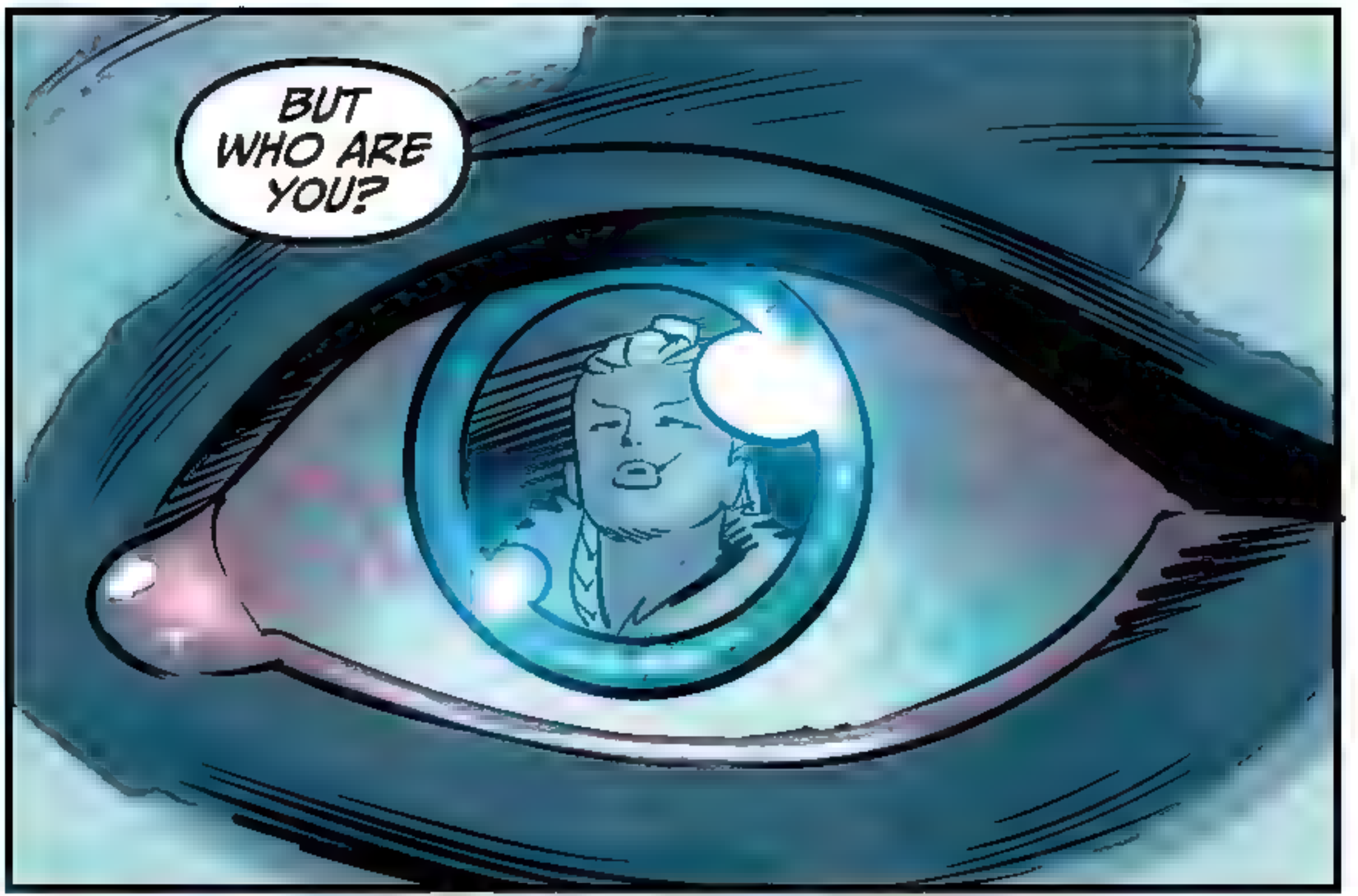




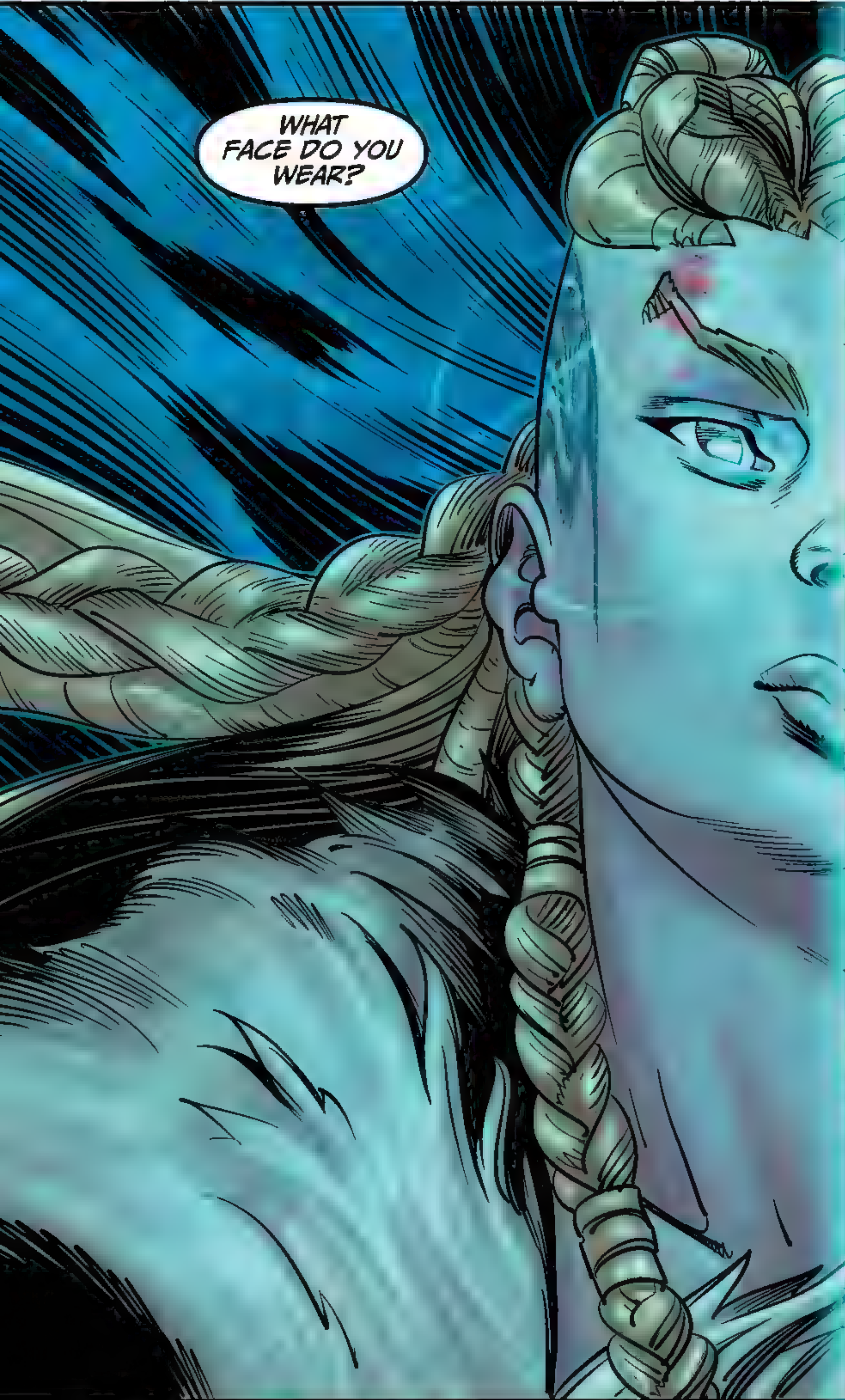


YOU'RE A SLAVE.

YES. GULL IS A SLAVE. SLAVE TO KJOTVE. SLAVE TO THE NORNS. SLAVE TO SÖKKVABEKKR, SÁGA AND IDUN'S BOUNTY.



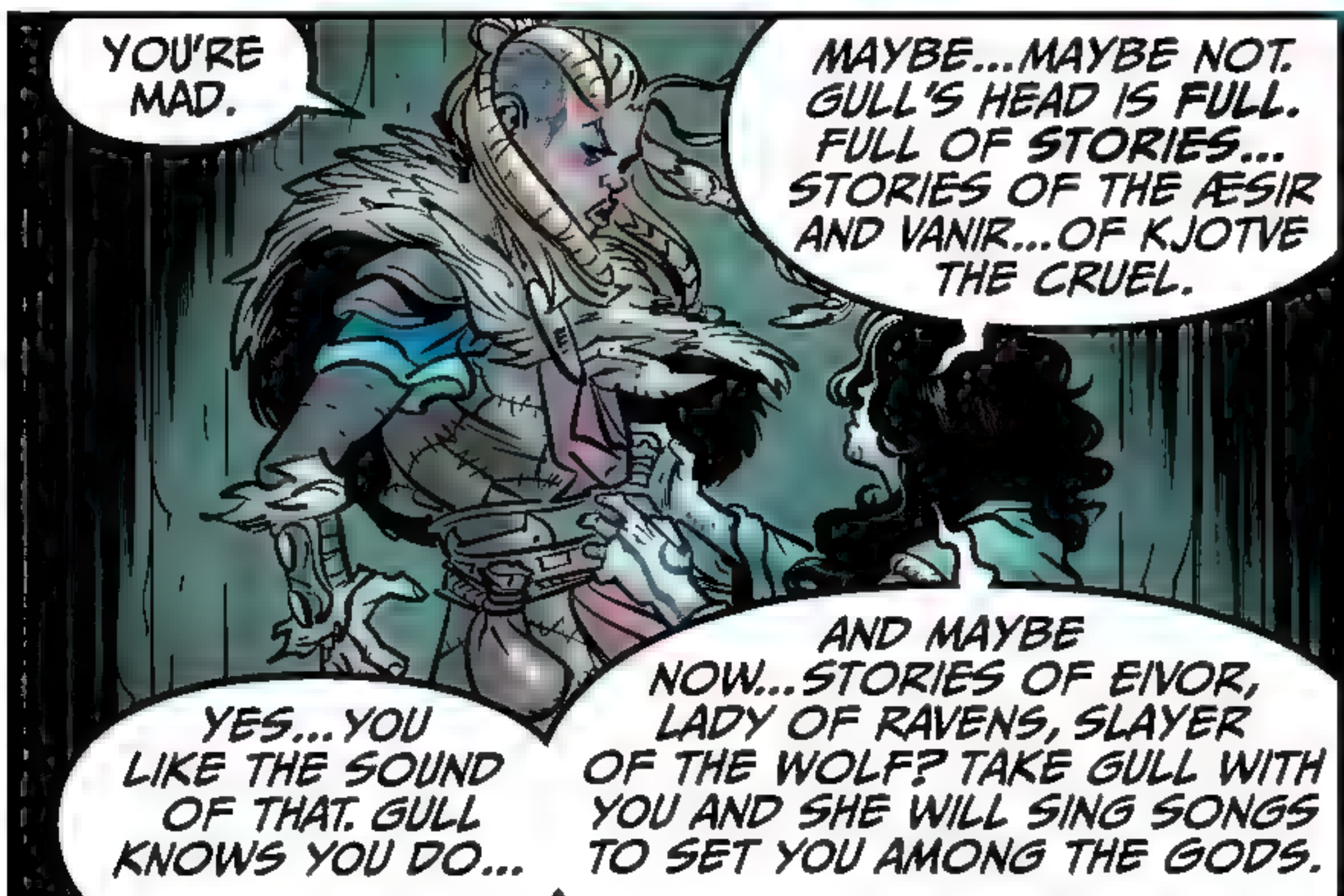
BUT WHO ARE YOU?



WHAT FACE DO YOU WEAR?



WHOSE SOUL DO YOU HIDE?



YOU'RE MAD.

MAYBE...MAYBE NOT. GULL'S HEAD IS FULL. FULL OF STORIES... STORIES OF THE ÆSIR AND VANIR...OF KJOTVE THE CRUEL.

YES...YOU LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT. GULL KNOWS YOU DO...

AND MAYBE NOW...STORIES OF EIVOR, LADY OF RAVENS, SLAYER OF THE WOLF? TAKE GULL WITH YOU AND SHE WILL SING SONGS TO SET YOU AMONG THE GODS.



GULL IS WISER THAN SHE LOOKS. YES. YOU WILL MAKE A FINE GIFT.

A GIFT? FOR WHO? THE HANGED GOD HIMSELF?

NO... BUT THE NEXT BEST THING...



STAVANGER.

"...MY FATHER!"



HMPH.  
SHOULDN'T WE  
BE WELCOMED  
WITH WOMEN  
AND SONG?

JUST  
CONCENTRATE  
ON HOLDING YOUR  
GUTS TOGETHER,  
DUNGBREATH.

TORA IS RIGHT, DAG. THERE'S  
NO NEED TO WORRY YOUR  
GRUBBY LITTLE HEAD.

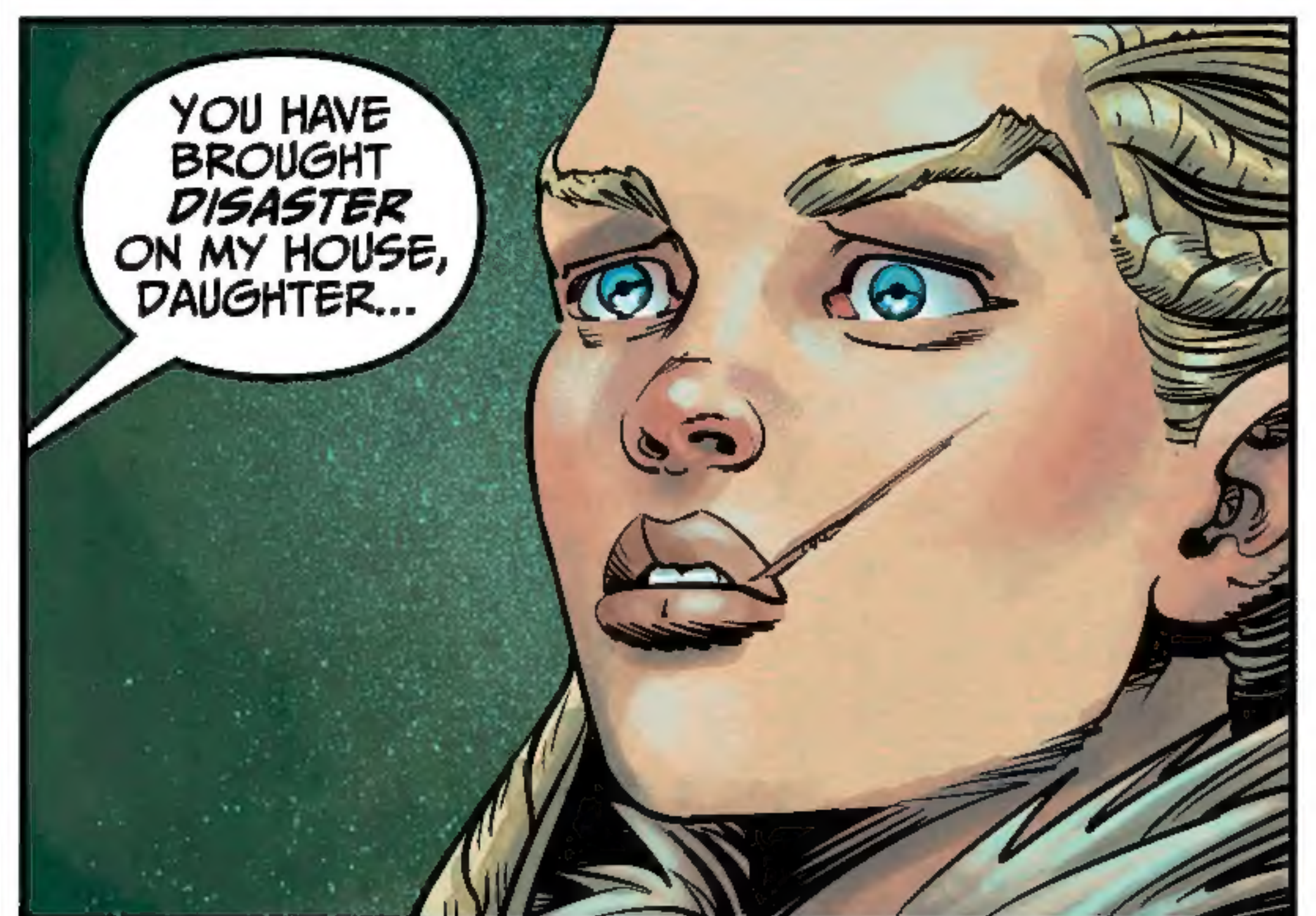
THE MEAD  
WILL FLOW LIKE  
HONEY WHEN  
FATHER HEARS OF  
OUR VICTORY.

"HAVE NO  
DOUBT."

YOU DID  
WHAT?!











---

**NEXT ISSUE: NO GUTS, NO GLORY!**

On sale November 18th!

---



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

